

SHROVE TUESDAY,

SATIRIC RHAPSODY.

BY

ANTHONY PASQUIN, Esq.

carpe diem.

As Life's so brittle Mortals cannot boast of it,

Why prithee let us laugh and make the most of it.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE NEW BATH GUIDE.

L O N D O N :

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DECLARATORY DEDICATION.

TO

ISAAC SWAINSON, Esq.

Dear Sir,

AS the following mock-heroic effusion warts on the side of Humanity, I know not at whose feet I can lay it with so much propriety as thine.—How much, my dear friend, should we rejoice that we have existence in an era when the frozen seas of Fallacy are thawed by the warm beam of Reason, and, giving way to Demolition, daily separate from their constituent parts, and sit in fragments down the stream of Rain!—the higher philosophy is triumphing over social imposition—the black cloud of Despotism is burst, and now vanishing before the gales of Philanthropy; its thunder and its lightening injured the blossoms and ramification of the tree of Liberty, but happily could not destroy the trunk,

A

which is immortal.—The nobility of the realm are sinking rapidly in the opinion of the million, because they have sense sufficient to know now what they always should have known, that the wise and the valiant alone are truly great, tho' unincumbered with the puerile necromancy of stars and garters;—they now believe, that those ecclesiastics who arrogantly call themselves FATHERS IN GOD, should not expunge Benevolence and Charity from the catalogue of their virtues.—It is not the profession begets contempt among observers, but the inadequacy of the professor—the transition of ideas is ungovernable; and the judicious must be tickled with emotions of ridicule on beholding JENKINSON a peer, and PEPPER ARDEN a judge; yet no such sensations will operate when contemplating the DUKE of LEEDS or LORD LOUGHBOROUGH.—In the earlier ages it was the custom for the powerful to cherish the ingenious, but I verily in my heart believe, that it would not cost our heterogeneous MINISTER a pang if the Arts and Sciences were at the bottom of the sea. He and his immediate colleagues walk in solemn pomp, and swell as if they lamented God had not made them colossal, each bearing his proboscis above mortal communication, while the beautiful offspring of the Muses vainly look up to them for protection as they pass, like little orphans, unbreeched and unbedded.

The general confederation in civil society against the infallibility of Potentates, appears to me but as seconding the antipathies of the Deity; for tho' the Creator usually endows them with the mechanical properties of bipedal nature, he evidently is not too bountiful in regard to intellectual donations—the only instance of partiality in the Omnipotent towards them (if any partiality can be thus administered) is displayed in the formation of the upper part of their anatomy: for, notwithstanding there are myriads who will affirm, that a king can do as well without a head as with one, yet those who reflect on the weight of a diadem, know otherwise; and in this point of view our celestial Father is eminently favorable, by making the head of a monarch many inches thicker than that of a conjurer.—I could never behold a regal portraiture decorated with the insignia of power, and cups and balls of government, without a smile;—then would my fancy betray me into indecency, and delineate the king on a twelfth cake, which Policy had baked, Folly begilded and Necessity must devour.

It cannot be sufficiently regretted, when the rancorous efforts of Illiberality are directed to the suppression of the noblest energies of the human mind, when the author of such excellence disdains to be either mean or dishonest:

this is palpably the labor of our Monthly Reviews, whose establishment is precisely thus:—they are all the property of three, four, or more booksellers; and as no bawker will cry stinking fish, it is their invariable practice to praise in the most extravagant terms every publication those booksellers originally vend, whether meritorious or otherwise; this forms the first and most important part of the review: the second part of the performance is prostituted to the interests of Bribery—as thus, those authors who are resolved to acquire a fugitive fame independent of talents, send a copy of their works to the Editor of the Review with a guinea, and then they may either write the criticism themselves (which is done in nine instances out of ten) or receive more praise from the bonest editor for their doggrel nonsense, than Virgil would think even just if describing his incomparable *Aeneid*. With regard to myself, they have frequently exercised a species of villany hitherto unknown in the annals of literature, that is, by quoting passages unfaithfully from my poems, (particularly the *CHILDREN OF THESPIA*) and then, assuming a serious air, affect to wonder that I should claim the laurel, whose writings are not reconcileable to Common Sense. When my literary friends have spoke to them relative to their futile malice towards me, they complain that they cannot render

a man service who is continually abusing them, as they phrase it. For my part I do not despise them because they are critics, but because they are partial, suborned and contemptible—as all my works have been uniformly reprinted at Dublin, New-York and Calcutta, I flatter myself I can acquire a due portion of reputation in spite of their malevolent toil; and if my poems were not kindly received by the Universities and a numerous list of private friends, I should be equally inclined to scorn their protection, and landed in common with the manufacturing Rhimers of the day—if Fame can be only acquired thro' the medium of such rascality, all I can say is, that Fame is not worth having.

Celebrity is more dependant on connection than ability—mankind will not take the trouble to develope pretensions, and too frequently suffer themselves to be wrore into an opinion that Mediocrity is Perfection.—Envy, Hatred, and Uncharitableness supersede the argument of Truth; and if even Pheebus wrote unconnected with professional puffers, Pheebus would be treated with indifference. The right Honorable EDMUND BURKE has been known for many years to have the principal direction of the Annual Register; in which he never failed to insert all the speeches he ever made in Parliament, not literally, but evidently heightened with all

the polish of the closet (a greater compliment to his memory than his modesty); yet when Mr. SHERIDAN had so notoriously eclipsed all competition by his celebrated Speech, on the trial of Mr. HASTINGS, in Westminster Hall, we find it garbled and buddled together in two pages of the publication alluded to, thus did the mean sensations of this Right Honorable Whirligig overcome his admiration of superior eloquence; tho' it is generally known that Mr. BURKE was the foaming principal who acted as whipper-in in that mysterious business, when Mr. FOX so far forgot the nobleness of his own nature, as to strengthen the views of the temporising Son of the great EARL of CHATHAM, when that Squ burnt his hand with the thunder-bolt of vengeance, which he took up obedient to the command of such a man as HENRY DUNDAS!

I once thought well of WILLIAM PITT, and what I thought I told the world; but I now make a solemn renunciation of the improper prejudice, and claim forgiveness from my country and myself—I believe him to be jealous of human merit, and unfriendly to human liberty.—The contemplation of his official understrappers freights me with contempt—if they may be considered as satellites to the political Planet they are unirradiate with the beams of local glory—they journey thro' a mist half enveloped

by oppressive fogs—Their appearance is a visitation which the Senses do not welcome—they proudly and unauspiciously issue from the legislative ulcer, like fungosities from a gangrene: tenaciously filling up a sore situation that requires healing medicaments, and the probe of a Patriot.

This governing political phalanx will be characterised as the perpendicular Administration, not alluding to the uprightness of the measures but the men!—it will be arranged by the Historian as the triumph of Algebra and her little progeny over Philosophy and his august relatives!—an epoch sacred to the Stulti—the saturnalia of the disdained—the Jubilee of Blockheads!—

As these melancholy sentiments are peculiarly cognizable by drooping TRUTH, it is very probable (according to the spirit of our BLESSED CONSTITUTION) that they may procure me the privileges of a dungeon in the metropolitan Bastile.—Yet amid this incongruous assemblage I must do honor to the surly VIRTUE of the LORD CHANCELLOR, who prefers the liberation of distressed citizens with numerous, half-famished LEGITIMATE families, to forcing the increase of Bankrupts, by resisting an act of Insolvency; tho' many thousands may be

acquired annually by an assumption of sturdy pertinacity, but **NOTHING** (except the favor of Heaven) by an act of national mercy.

A few months since I was applied to by a personage notoriously attached to the Premier, to write a satire on the National Assembly of France; upon his offering me a considerable *douceur*, I suppressed my indignation, under the hope of being able to ascertain whether I was to receive the ruinous bribe from the indefatigable exiles at Coblantz or Sub ROSA.—But his caution being proportioned to his infamy, I was not successful.

My assassination has been repeatedly attempted, yet my abhorrence to social rascals cannot suffer diminution.

A few years since I dedicated a poem to LORD THURLOWE, from which he did me the honor to steal a declaratory denunciation, and utter it with a sonorous emphasis in the house of Peers, on a certain momentous occasion: This sentiment was considered as peculiarly nervous, and even sublime, as issuing from his authoritative lip; tho' I flatter myself it forms but a minor lineament in that poem from which it was so ungenerously pilfered.—Yet, there is one consolation remaining to solace persons similarly circumstanced, viz. that any regal idiot may

create a LORD CHANCELLOR, but it is God alone who can fabricate a Genius; and to prove how jealous the mundane monarchs are of power and privilege. I believe there never was known an instance where the palpable warrant for temporal glory from the King of Kings in favour of a particular individual, was ever strengthened by their indorsement—under the broad impression of these dispiriting truths the life of a seditious courtier must be, at best, a ludicrous purgatory.

Tho' you may find a thousand such harmonious verse-grinders as POPE, sooner than one genuine like BUTLER; yet is POPE more admired by the frivolous members of Society—and those members make the majority of this sagacious nation—but eventually as Reason fixes her establishment, will these pretty Ladies and Gentlemen, who write sonnets to Damon and Chloe, appear ridiculous, and the mere jingling of rhyme become disreputable from the facility with which it is effected.—Of this description are the greater portion of JOHNSON'S Poets.

GRAY'S Poems have done more collateral injury to Common Sense than all the other poets of Great Britain embodied, by the number of eoscombs, who have since imitated his manner,

beginning of his poem **B**ut to common sense

tho' innocent of thought, and unconscious of the
Theban flame.

Whenever I hear DRYDEN and POPE brought
into comparison as poets, I confess it pains
me exceedingly, that in the present state of
society, real excellence and seeming excel-
lence should have apparently the same captiva-
tion.—DRYDEN was a mighty genius, who
disdained to practise any little arts, obliquely to
recommend what he knew to be inimitable ;
POPE, on the contrary, was continually laboring
to seduce some servile scholar to translate his
essays, and affix tedious and unnecessary com-
ments to frivolous passages.—DRYDEN endea-
vored to attract notice by his own personal
majesty ; POPE by the number of his servants.—
Finally, DRYDEN may be considered as a
gigantic, handsome man, negligent in his dra-
pery, and POPE to a diminutive individual,
scrupulously attentive to the order of dress.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (of whom so much has
been said and wrote by interested vain-glorious
ideots) was a man whose existence proves that
indefatigable study is nearly equal to rare en-
dowment—unblessed by the illuminations of Wit
and Genius; he was wondrously successful in
acquiring a celebrity scarcely surpassed in the
modern annals of literature; and he acquired

this pre-eminence by the exertions of a mind highly polished by Philosophy, but unaided by originality, and unwarmed by creative fire—He has been considered as the Longinus of Britain, but was not qualified to assume the department of a Critic; as he evidently, in his *Lives of the Poets* and other productions, has suffered his prejudices as a man to sully his judgment as a writer.

As a Lexicographer he has done material, and I fear irreparable injury to the English Language; by introducing innumerable and unnecessary Grecisms, to the manifest disadvantage of foreigners, and by giving a false and unsatisfactory definition of many verbs and nouns in his voluminous and embarrassing Dictionary—to be brief, true, and decisive, he lived in a state of warfare with the best habits of our nature—His apothegms were seldom energetic, unless accompanied by brutality—he assuredly had the feelings of a tyrant, tho' he wished to be imagined as allied to Benevolence; and believing him to be zealous in the love of Christianity, his continual dread of dissolution was so conspicuous and unmanly, that it only operated to make his faith contemptible—But notwithstanding all these drawbacks on his ascribed importance, he was certainly in the aggregate a great man.

The visible decay of Poetry in the present age is lamentable, which, even in English as well as Italian composition sacrifices sense to sound, and wisdom to epithet. Some times lately puffed forth in the Reviews with the greatest eulogium, as most beautiful compositions—these run in one stanza:

“Content in solitude my griefs I’ll bide”

And in order to explain that line, the wonderful Author says:

“The task be mine to soothe thee to repose.”

So that whilst she is hid in solitude she is in company, soothing her friend to repose, and what is more extraordinary, she soothes her thus:

“When Fate’s stern hand shall close my weeping eyes.”

Such Poetry is the very essence of all that is nonsensical. This is written by a MRS. LAURA.

I was much disgusted at Bath, in the winter of 1789, on hearing some persons of fashion praise the words of a ballad which Mr.

HARRISON had sung most exquisitely in the Upper Rooms: the subject is a rose falling from a Lady's bosom; the admired ditty thus commences:

"A Rose from her bosom had stray'd."

Now it will appear that the ingenious Poet had given free agency to the rose in the first instance, that he might have a plausible opportunity to abuse it in the second, which he does thus plaintively:

"Ah, silly Rose, silly Rose, had'st thou known, &c."

The late Dr. GOLDSMITH, in the opening of a little poem, entitled, EDWIN and ANGELINA, got entangled in the same net of Absurdity: The Lady thus commences the business:

"Turn gentle Hermit of the dale."

Here the Poet has manifestly made ANGELINA perfectly well acquainted with EDWIN's peaceable disposition by instinct, and instantly to tell her lover in disguise that he lived in a dale, though he might have lodged in a garret for what she then knew to the contrary.

A crazy gentlewoman, who calls herself NANCY MATILDA, tells a modern Lack-a-daisy Poet, that to hear the sound of his lyre,

"She'd wander thro' a wilderness of Suns."

Then the gentleman, not to be deficient in politeness, tells the Lady in reply.—That

"Her eyes shine more bright than a forest of Stars."

Yet there are not wanting Masters and Misses who call this trash vastly pretty!—There is no folly so glaring but has its advocates in society.

"If Phoebus is not ashamed of his recruits I am a coused gurnet."

I think it necessary to observe that SIR ANECDOTE PASQUIN, PAUL PASQUIN, PETER PASQUIN, PENELOPE PASQUIN, PASQUINIA, &c. &c. who have for the last seven years been writing poems and jeu d'esprits in the various Magazines and News-papers, are not, even in the most removed degree related to me by the ties of consanguinity or otherwise; I therefore publicly renounce them as aliens to my blood, and although they may have intended me an honor by

assuming my signature, I do not wish by any apparent gratitude on my part, to strengthen them in such erroneous habits.

Of this truth I am morally convinced, that was our immortal bard SHAKESPERE now in existence, he would be utterly disregarded if his meanness was not more powerful than his merit.—Praise is literally bought in our periodical essays, and ~~there is but little attention paid to the qualification~~ of the object, if he comes but duly laden with cash.—They are daily destroying truth, and we shall have no governing principle but fallacy, and no inmate but insincerity.

However circumscribed my fame may be, that fame I have literally ravished, as I was ever too proud to ask a favor of a Being I despised.

*With gratitude, with admiration and respect
I subscribe myself,*

Your obliged Friend and Servant,

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

Kew Lane,
Nov. 10, 1791.

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DEC 1963

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

SHROVE-TUESDAY,

A

SATIRIC RHAPSODY.

DOLTS have affirm'd (what will not dolts declare?)
The laws of custom should be laws obey'd!
There are who combat such didactic ills,
And give the precept to the vagrant breeze:
—Among that sapient herd of peery wights,
(When the bright day first stole upon the sense,
And lesser planets Phcebus had o'erlum'd)
Environ'd by his LADIES and his YOUNG,
A PARENT COCK thus eloquently mean'd:

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Too surely my foreboding mind depicts
The big disasters of this fatal day,
That may give me and half my martial race,
Like Ilion's chief, to Desolation's gripe :
Ah! my poor wives, 'tis fit ye cease to cluck;
For fear and desperation are your own;
Salacious hussies, let the tides of woe
Flow down your party-color'd cheeks amain
In ample torrents, as in ANNA's reign
Fleet-Ditch was disembogu'd into the Thames;
Or Niagara's raging cataract;
Or the rude Rhine, which rushes down the steep
And tumbles headlong foaming to the plain;
Or Montmorency's tribute to Saint Larry;
Or water-spout when bursting on the bark,
For all my envied gallantries are o'er!
No more shall I select the ripen'd grain,



Or turn the reeking dunghill o'er and o'er,
 To find tid-bits to gratify my spouse :
 Half-metamorphos'd grubs or palmer brown,
 Muck-moisten'd crust or adders yellow spawn,
 The granam, Welchman's button or the orl,
 Grey drake or dragon, cadis or blue gnat,
 Which jolly anglers vigilant ensnare,
 To gull the finny tenants of the stream,
 No more the Barcelona 'kerchief throw
 To lure my mistress to the bed of Glee :
 Oh! bring me poison to arrest that thought,
 Some searching aconite of potent tooth,
 Helleborum, or the juice of *laurus*,
 Or sapphire bane which fills the scorpion's jaw,
 Keen ars'nick pulveris'd by Rancors hand,
 Hot slaver from the furrow'd virgin's tongue,
 That Chinese drug yclep'd gunpowder tea,

Or that dread weed perturbed Tuscans give
To wound the organs of a faithless knight.

SHROVE TUESDAY! horrid sanguinary sound!

Had I the papal power apostolic,

Or wore the British mitre metropolitan,

No Christian hundred, balliwick or burgh,

Should ever note an epoch so severe.

First of celestials, high imperial Don,

Or thou great Juno (if you love a Cock)

Oh! send me Gyges' ring but for a day!

Who will be jubilant when we're extinct?

Save the pale traitor and the shepherd's boy,

The lurking eves-dropper and midnight thief,

Poppy-fed handmaid or the fat-cas'd slave

Who honors Morpheus most among the gods,

Will not the Lord of light refuse his beam

To solace the assassins in their toil?

Have we not all diurnally huzza'd
When he forsook his bagnio in the deep,
Drove by quick stages up the eastern heights,
Awaken'd Tithonus with vivid gleams,
And held his lantern 'bove the saline wave?

Can none remember? yes, I know all must,
When my gay CHANTICLEER was torn away,
The pin-basket of my sultana hen?
Pardon this imbecility, these throbs,
These gushing tears, that inundate the earth,
The eye's an honest agent to the heart:
Can I reflect and be not what I am?
Beauteous GALLINA, biped most august!
She was more charming than the Paphian queen
When first she blazon'd from the pregnant main,
Wrung her wet tresses and gave nature bliss,
Or fair Tecmessa or Minonian maid,

Or Agarista who bewitch'd the Greeks,

Or flippant Daphne or Miss KITTY MORSE!

Oh! my dead wench, how frantic bill to bill,

Leagu'd have we *trod* this world beneath our feet,

Equall'd the mandate of supreme Desire,

And tun'd that nerve which elevates the soul!

I fed insatiate on her passive frame

'Till every scene was agonis'd by joy!

From that blest sod her ashes have sublim'd

Flow'rets with added perfume shall arise

As Venus' blood gave splendor to the rose.

My CHAN, my boy, was massacred elate

By common oafs, to swell a bill of fare

At Cynthia's rendezvous, superb *Vauxhall*,

Where haberdashers riot once a year,

Encircled by their ruddy dames and fry

(Embrio-cuckolds, yet indenture-bound,

And dowdy damsels knit on Garlick Hill)
 The honest issue of their civic loins,
 There, Havock-taught, they masticate and stare
 Greas'd o'er the mazzard up to either eye
 On fowl, beef, ham, tarts, custards, cakes and ale,
 And juice-sophisticate, which they call—*wind*—
 Then pay the total with a sonorous growl
 And give the page a tester and a curse!
 CHAN's matchless note, so dulcified, so shrill,
 Would make Cecilia listen from a cloud,
 'Twould rival INCLEDON's enslaving song.
 But he is gone, for ever and a day,
 Hurl'd from his station, 'fore his acmè bloom'd
 And all his precious atoms zig-zag drove
 Thro' the intestines of some coarse-wove cit,
 Haply to pass (ere Liberation came)
 Layers of substance made of fish and flesh,

Vast reservoirs of garbage, floods of filth,
 A puzzling archipelago of fat,
 Where, by a recubate and oblique duct,
 They rumbling sunk to Nature's sally-port,
 Thence dropt unehyl'd, to fertilise the land,
 That thought unscrews the linch-pin of my mind,
 Gives crude ideas liberty of wing,
 Who bruise the *pia mater* as they scud,
 And madden me with indignation!
 Who could compete with my immortal boy?
 Not young Antinous whom Adrian priz'd,
 Or Ganymede who lick'd th' ambrosial dish,
 Or scented fop Liriope had wove,
 Or that Narcissus Claudius call'd his own,
 Or — but th' attempt to equalize is vain:
 Plumage more brilliant Snyders never drew,
 Hondicooter, Gilles, or Tempesta,

Savery, Vincaboon or Giovanni,
 Elmer, Pyreicus or any he,
 In Greece, or Italy, or Flanders school'd!
 He bore his crest as proud as Edward's knights,
 Who brain'd the Saracen in Salem's vale;
 His intellects were of the first degree,
 His language had the bright Horatian point,
 His periods flow'd with dithyrambick force,
 Keen as the argument of RUTLAND's eye,
 And soft and polish'd as sweet BLANDFORD's limb:
 His thought was comprehensive, vast and just;
 Or if, to aggrandize his mental gains,
 Distrusting that perfection he possest,
 (For Modesty and Genius breathe entwin'd)
 He caught th' opinion of another sage:
 The gather'd axiom met the public ear,
 Like simple streams, which journ'ying 'neath the mead,

Imbibe the virtues of the mineral pass,
 Then re-appear to give the thirsty *health*.
 Oh, that his pect'ral bellows yet could blow,
 I'd make him chaunt a solemn *drumundub*.
 Or jocund *plangstee*, peean or quaint air,
 Such as Lyæus, lusty, flush'd and blythe,
 Reclining on his tygers, belching hail'd
 When the nocturnal orgie'd muzz'd his brain.
 Yet this you'll say's a father's elocution,
 But marvel not I laud such worth entomb'd;
 I've read the Callipædia o'er and o'er,
 And know the arts to procreate with grace.
 Should I in Error's apron be inwrapt,
 And overprize an object that's defunct,
 Let not your sarcasm war with my delight,
 Or cloud the sympathy 'twixt sire and son.
 Not merchants riders toil to *bide* their bags

Or beau the stocking's darn above the shoe! *or rolling in*
 Or spinster fair the sullied worn *chemise*, *before-dish* *or*
 Or urchin wight his dirty hands at school! *or dead* *or*
 Or titled knave the blot in his escutcheon! *or* *or* *or*
 Or silken barrister the page of truth! *or* *or* *or*
 Or EDGECUMBE's mighty Earl his shins of beef! *or* *or* *or*
 Or lovers young their purpose from Discretion! *or* *or* *or*
 Or bolster'd FARREN her prodigious legs! *or* *or* *or*
 So much as I that image of myself: *or* *or* *or*
 But all could not avail; the blow is giv'n, *or* *or* *or*
 Atropos snapp'd her patent Sheffield sheers, *or* *or* *or*
 His hour was come, and cocks and kings must die, *or* *or* *or*

Ah me, that cocks should be annoy'd with stones, *or* *or* *or*
 Not holy Stephen, first amid the blest, *or* *or* *or*
 Or Aduram whom Rehoboam prais'd, *or* *or* *or*
 Or great Micipsa's ebony-tinted son, *or* *or* *or*
 Or Caledonian witch, or monster vile, *or* *or* *or*

On pillory uprais'd at Charing Cross,
Or death-devoted cat, or cur insane,
Have been so stick or pebble-smote as me!
Last year my cousin-german GINGER fell,
And then my uncle SHAGBAG hapless bled,
Who valued high and oft his antique blood,
As lineally descended from that bird,
That caution'd wayward Peter of his grief!
Oh he was (every inch) a cock of cocks!
My brother BANTAM too, who dauntless stood,
Fetter'd, like old Caractacus, and scoff'd,
Was struck upon the pegs and bit the dust:
Men hate all saucy losels but themselves!
When the huge flood wash'd baseness from the globe,
Pyrrha and Pyrrha's Co. by Themis taught,
Cast rocky remnants to renew mankind;
Yet tho' the flinty seedlings melted round

And amplified progressive to adults,
 Some portion indurate remain'd unmov'd,
 To constitute that lump they call — *a heart*!
 Had cocks a Tacitus to mark their deeds,
 A GIBBON, ROBERTSON, or Dan Defoe,
 How would Rome's Cæsars shrink before our sons!
 Did brown MENDOZA, Xerxes, or BIG BEN,
 Prussia's late chief, TOM JOHNSON or Turenne,
 PAUL JONES or perriwig-encumber'd Shovel,
 CORNWALLIS or the city's bloodless bands,
 Equal *our* feats in honorable arms?
 When we assume the spatterdash and spur
 Gaffled and clad in brightly burnish'd steel,
 We rush, like Maltese knights, to dare the foe,
 And scorn to slumber but on Glory's bed:
Determinè's the motto of our line.
 The adust sprig of LOYOLA laments,

With gaudy metaphor and turgid phrase;
Flurried pulsation and swollen streaming eyes
"The golden days of chivalry are o'er"!!!
If the coin-hunter means that Valor's fled,
The wriggling, retrograde Narrator lies;
But if (as tattling Rumor gives the clue)
He *weeps* that no such craz'd advent'ers strut,
(Bedrubb'd, bemir'd, bephilter'd Picaroons)
As Belianis, Amadis de Gaul,
Orlando, Quixote, Godfrey of Bologne,
Or the more sturdy Giant-killing Jack,
Who hauberk-clad or hid 'neath plates of brass,
Would doze a month mid Caucasus' deep snows,
Tear alligators livers from their ribs,
Feast upon furze and drink Averno's scum,
Grinning defy the equinoctial blast,
Defile, at noon, the guard-room of Berlin,

Stew a young lamplighter and swill the soup,
 Bully a Behemoth or twist the Poles,
 Hang on the verge of Thule by the chin,
 Swim in hot lava down Vesuvius' side,
 Bootless and barefoot ford the Stygian flood,
 Run his thick head against the hill of Howth,
 Tear up the tree of knowledge by the roots,
 Steal Rhadamanthus' caxon while a sleep,
 Draw Neptune's plug and liberate the Main,
 Throw pungent snuff in Polyphemus' eye,
 Shave grizly Dis, and move the Pyrenees,
 Slit Juno's tongue—untie th' imprison'd Winds,
 Put an extraneous spoke in Ixion's wheel,
 Teach gruffy Cerberus to dance *pas russe*,
 Digest that flambeau which the Furies oil'd,
 Cool Etna's bowels—utine 'gainst the moon,
 Leap into hell, and wrestle with Despair,

All to AMUSE some poignant, lewd, young minx,
 Who'd pay her rascal with — half-smother'd scorn,
 I think the omission dignifies our age;
 Such deeds make piteous both heaven and earth.
 When shall I rest again the live-long day?
 But cocks must never more a sabbath know:
 Let me exist but where the halcyon flies,
 I was not swaddled by a Lapland hag,
 I'm no *Backbuisen*, amorous of storms.
 Would my oviparous *entre* on this globe
 Had happ'd upon the shelves of Nilus' stream,
 Warm sands of Ganges or the Latian Po,
 Th' Apulian torrent or the Danube fierce,
 Median Hydaspes or the Adrian gulf,
 The silver Tyber or Eurota's banks,
 Infernal Acheron or Libya's plains,
 Oblivion's dale that's cleans'd by Lethe's lake,

Or any soil but sick Britannia's land,
Where Liberty is mouth'd, but not rever'd.
O'er Pompey's head the lord of empires wept,
But here they laugh when Greatness gets a cuff,
And put the extinguishers on Merit's lamp.

Oh ! what a beast is ruthless, wretched man !
Of worth regardless, of opprobrium proud,
The western nations mock the Indian tribes,
And from ideal heights look down and sneer ;
Yet, like that Indian, do those haughty realms,
(By frauds more gross than Phsapos or the Turk)
Array a wooden, vile, repulsive Log,
With tissued vestments from the Tyrian loom
Or Lyons, Genoa or Spital-fields ;
Ascribe it attributes it cannot know,
Make it the source of dignity and peace,
Then kneel in myriads round it's tinsel fane,

To deprecate the vengeance of — a clod!

Their points of adoration differ thus,

This is a *deity* and that — a *king*.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Say, shall the tatter'd million, Luna-led,

Tie us, like victims, to the stake of Death,

And we retain the dagger in its sheath?

Where Despots diadem'd and *toga'd* stride,

Humility becomes a social vice:

Ye peerless Daughters of this sea-girl isle,

Who pant with ardor for the young and brave,

Why will ye suffer cocks to be destroy'd?

Shall I, who once was pitted 'gainst all *Berks*,

At rural tournament in ninety-one,

Be thus compell'd to pass great Nature's bourn

While yet my veins are fill'd with gen'rous blood,

And life's broad base by Pharmacy unstrung?

If mortals call this *gusto*, curse their taste;

This is a *fete* or *festum*, d—n their souls!

Oh! may their Lent be hard—their penance nought.

Their eggs all fetid and their fish stale ling.

I'm mad as brute beneath the Syrian star!

My pulses boil with rage, I'm full of ire,

As GEORGE the SECOND when he kick'd his hat;

Or GEORGE the THIRD when meeting BILLY HOWE;

Or LADY TURNER when they prate of caps;

Or ROLLE when Reason spurns the pride of birth;

Or TAYLOR prick'd with a Whitechapel needle;

Or BLOXAM when he finds his *foalscap* torn;

Or MILTON's Woolwich-educated Gods,

Who drew their brazen-mouth'd artillery

And heavy baggage thro' condensing clouds,

To choak hell's Regent with salt-petre-pills,

Making Omnipotence a mere BURGONYE

Sweating to stab the dragoons of the De'il;
 Thus the blind bard burlesqu'd a lofty theme,
Laughably high, and most sublimely low.
 Were I ignivomous, I'd watch the Lown,
 Blow at his breech, and burn his galligaskins;
 I cannot now resist the rage of Chance,
 With correspondent fortitude and faith!
 (Save the domestic loveliness around)
 Bankrupt in zeal, in fortune and in friends;
 Tho' I am unemaciate and erect,
 The mind has been too mighty for the man;
 Each nerve's been woe-tugg'd 'till it even crack'd;
 Hope's animating lamp, which late illum'd
 Th' interior of this tenement of clay,
 Now thirsting for the philosophic oil,
 Scarce feeds a flame that hesitates to live,
 When red Malevolence assails the life,

Relative horrors half excuse the blow;
 Tho' Nature her creative pencil dipt
 In all those fascinating, gaudy hues,
 Which deck the luminous gay arch of Heav'n,
 Bright rosy fillets and purpureal glow,
 Silv'ry semicircles wove in gold!
 Sapphire-ting'd ether and rich crimson dye!
 To beautify Lucina's pageant bird;
 Yet will the stern Helvetii extirpate
 Th' embellish'd inmate from their rugged hills,
 Because a vestige of its train o'ertops
 Th' armorial bearings of their antient foe.

When injuries have gor'd a well-wrought soul,
 'Tis urg'd we should forgive and then forget!
 When PRIESTLY fats in Diocesan chair,
 When Genius, Wit and Virtue are ador'd,
 When PITT shall kiss the Muses on their hill,

When lady Grosvenor curtsies to the creed,
 When GUNNING's sportive, who is all for LORN,
 When STRATHMORE's Countess martyrs all her cats,
 When BANKS prefers Philosophers to flies,
 When TIPPOO makes the decalogue his law,
 When Providence gives Q. his second sight,
 When GLOSTER's Duchess names her Grandmama,
 When regal finger purifies the blood,
 When SANDWICH writhes at tales of deforation,
 When *Cambria's* PRINCE and Meanness are allied,
 When Israel's dingy produce hallow piss,
 When LONSDALE's lord becomes a man of wax,
 When DYSART gives his mutton to the poor,
 When SHERIDAN directs the nation's bank,
 When Drapers yards exceed the scale an inch,
 When BURKE* and Freedom eat with the same spoon,

* When his present Majesty lay in such a hapless state as would have awakened emotions of Pity in a savage towards his foe, this gentle dis-

When ABINGTON's great heart (to Honor dear)
 Can chain its pulses at the plaints of Grief,
 Then from the iron tablet of my mind,
 Will I efface my catalogue of wrongs.

Oh! my big torments shake my fragile state,
 Thought wars with thought, and all my soul's in arms:
 Bear me ye Deities from mortal ken,
 Hide me in old Medea's brazen pot,
 Or plunge me smoking in the Carian font:
 That I may lose virility and dread.

ciple of Christ thought it then *politic* to declare in the House of Commons, "that God in his pleasure had HURLED him (meaning the king) from the throne of these realms;" yet when the Sovereign was unexpectedly and happily restored to health, the ductile slave of the Holy Father tacked about, and steering immediately in the wind's eye, all-foamingly declared, that every subject was bound in duty to catch the —— of his king, and ought to think himself honored by the blast of royal pollution!—Don't laugh, reader, the emotion should be more decisive.

Pitiless man—illustrious Reptile go,
Immolate Purity and glad the fiend :
Glut Hecate with the ashes of Desert,
Glory in guilt—be recogniz'd by Shame :
Range in battalia, flank'd with hounds and horn,
Obedient Infamy and gladd'ning slaves ;
To chace a timid, weak, innoxious hare,
And if you *murder* not, mean we've no *sport* !
When our first Harries rul'd this daring realm,
Your Fathers slew the savage in his den,
Ye have the appetite but not the heart.
Of all th' incumbrances this planet feels,
Man's the worst animal that breathes the air :
The Sauromatæ gorge not more in blood,
Or tawny Lions when they crunch a fawn,
Pallid Antipathy (gaunt Envy's cub)
Has pierc'd my scull with her unnumber'd darts :

'Tis said I am arrogant, should that amaze,
Who've revell'd thro' the Cytherean grove?
The youth of Lesbos or Diana's hind,
The son of Myrrha or the Trojan boy
Have not been more uprais'd by Beauty's sigh!
But love's the regal business of our voyage,
It fills up all those crannies of the mind
Where minor Passions could not build a home:
Seraphic, necromantic woman, hail!
Origin, sustenance and end of joy!
Tell me, sweet FEATHERINDA, darling girl,
Has from your sieve-like recollection fled
That circumstance, when first I woo'd and won
Your will to conjugate in Ceres' cot,
And tempted Virtue with Siberian corn?
While touch'd by Extacy we madd'ning lay,
With raging, rav'nous energy fatigu'd,

Th' Idalian urchin and his fubby crew,
Guarded the passes of the blest retreat,
Circling its precincts; odoriferous bloom'd
The modest Violet and Cowslip sweet,
Dew-wash'd Primroses and Carnations gay,
And round a Cedar's fragrant trunk uprear'd,
Plants of high import or in scent or taste!
Mango, Banana, Jaca and Batan,
Cocoa, Mangostan, Calamus and Clove:
And as I led you from th' indented couch,
(With eyes contemplative and head reclin'd)
The gay, voluptuous, tittering infants ran
To pluck obtruding briars from our path;
(For even Love's recess is briar-fraught)
Lest some keen thorn should wound your tender feet!
But since, how you've transfix'd me with caprice,
You wou'd, you wou'd'nt—yes, then no; and thus,

Goad'ing me hapless to the arms of Hate!
 Ah me! ye Ladies know your power too well,
 To hold your vot'ries in Coercion's net;
 Lead them thro' Ruin's foul morass elate,
 And laugh triumphant at their ups and downs,
 As filthified they flounder to Remorse:
 There live, who will assert with blushless front,
 Ye seek Hypocrisy from Morn'till Eve,
 Have Lamb-like lineaments with wolfish aims,
 Hail blushing youth, yet those ye hail despise,
 Affect (delusive shame when most you're pleas'd)
 To know what's hot, yet what you know deny:
 Giggle at Jove, his bolt and red right arm,
 Then cast your fortunes at—an idiot's feet!
 But such no more can marshall my belief,
 Than wild Cassandra or the Sybils' hymn.
 Would ye, my boys, be favor'd by the fair,

Be gentle in your argument and deed:

When Puberty had strung the leading nerve,

I twin'd the sacred Myrtle round my brow:

Studied th' Ovidian irresistible wile,

Sued, like Propertius, to the haughty nymph,

Gradual sapp'd her firmest, best resolves,

And made success the consequence of toil!

I would not grasp the Spartan Belle by force,

I loath th' anatomy without the mind.

Women, like Caryatides, are chiefly form'd,

As adjectives, to please the sight and bear.—

Has any sign of ominous portent

Redden'd the skies or scar'd the sons of men?

Have vultures scream'd or cemeteries yawn'd,

The Earth been palsied or old Ocean mad,

Have comets with immeasurable tails

Hurried thro' space and scorch'd the arctick pole?

For I am treimulous and ill at ease !
Before the dread of dissolution came,
Hope's roseate Minions play'd about my heart :
Content I drew on Imagery's bank,
And even seiz'd felicities unborn !
My expectation then was as *imimense*
As CHARLOTTE BERTIE's hymeneal thought,
The widow's wish, or HOOD the baron's nose,
The Allegany mount or Love's domain,
The Zephyr's circuit or th' Atlantic wave ;
But now, by Apprehension squeez'd and cramped,
I steal, like sots, inglorious to the tomb !
Ere cold Dismay usurp'd my better part,
I felt as pleas'd as WEDGWOOD in—his *cups* !
Or noble OSBORNE when he'd wedded—ANGUISH !
Or gallant CLARENCE when he got—a JORDAN !
Or STANHOPE while investigating—PAINE !

Or Yankee when he saw his nation—*striped* !
 Or BARBAULD when he boasts his *rib* was—Aikin !
 Or HURD when Presbyters had lost—their PRICE !
 Or RYMER † when his father breath'd—his *last* !
 Or GODFREY WEBSTER when he'd got—a VASSAL !
 Or BROWN when he turn'd water into—*sheets* !
 Or BADDELEY when cram'm'd with—*sour-cront* !
 Or BEARCROFT when he brings—his reasons *home* !
 Or JOHNNY WILKES perusing—*ARETINE* !
 Or COURTNEY when NAT WRAXALL lost—his *speech* !
 Or demi-Prelates when the say—I *wont* !
 Or ALBION'S NETTLE when he'd sav'd—*three crowns* !
 Or PHILIP HAYES when he is—*beating Time* !
 Or sombrous GREVILLE when he kills—an *hour* !
 Or MONTAGUE when—*feathering her nest* !
 Or eager DUCIE when he got—A CHILD !

† A celebrated Shoemaker.

Your Sophs and Seers, and Magi of the land,
Who oft unclasp the pocket-book of Fate,
And calculate the bliss and bane of men:
Depict the scite of each celestial house,
Know when Favonius will kindly breathe,
Or snarling Eurus from his shrivell'd wing,
Shake a black, morbid mildew o'er the grain;
Or when the Siroc gale will parch the bud,
And cinder-burn the tendril on the stalk:
Or dreary Wizards issue in a steam
(Drawn from pestiferous and aguing bogs)
To hold their congress in a pitchy mist,
Suck roaring Whirlwinds from th' Eolian bag
To crush a navy 'neath the billow's foam.
Such weigh events as Grocers weigh their figs,
And swear we're all predestin'd or predamn'd:
Maintain we're born beneath impelling stars,

Or splendid belt that girds the milky way!
 For instance, 'tis on record in their scroll,
 The *upright* Host of HATFIELD saw the light
 Beneath the influence of *Sigittarius*!
 MUN BURKE the *crab*!—NED THURLOWE the *great Bear*!
 FRANCIS the *Scorpion*!—LOUGHBOROUGH the *Scales*!
 DOCTOR CADOGAN sub *Aquarius*!
 HORNE TOOKE *Orion*!—ROSE and STEELE the *Twins*!
 HENRY DUNDAS the *twinkler of the North*!
 Mellifluous PITT beneath the *milky way*!
 And docile HAWKSB'RY the *Georgium sidus*!
 Great RICHMOND *Pisces*! there the wise mistake,
 He's an *odd fish*, and that could never be:
 DERBY the *Ram*! and QUEENSBURY the *Goat*!
 RAWDON the *Lion*! and CHARLES FOX the *Virgin*!
 But that *must* be a fib, as Fate nor Force
 Could never keep *black CHARLES* beneath a maid.

For my part, no bright Star can govern me;
 But the rich lustre of a Lady's eye;
 Hither ye Bacchantes from your sylvan dells,
 (If ye condole with Spirits in distress)
 Laden with clusters of the Iberian vine,
 I'll fill the ample goblet to the brim;
 Incontinently gulp the extatic draught,
 Then stain me with the glib, gushing grape;
 To exorcise with the livery of Joy;
 But India's victor'll soothe my throbs,
 I'm woe-begone, and he loves JOLLY COGNAC!
 Tho' Death's bald frontispiece to me's so grim,
 As chills my vital juice, like melted snow,
 There are, that lynx Calamity has smote,
 Would rush immediate on his ebony spear.
 Then who'll presume to fix th' unerring point
 While animated Nature seeks extricates?

Virtue and Vice change state at either Ind,
And what's egregious here, there Sapience hugs:
Here Widows ogle while their fool's inurn'd,
At Malabar the relict sobs and burns!
The gem-eyed *Eagle* quits his natal rock;
Ascending perpendicular and fierce
He cleaves the hostile currents of the air:
Darts 'bove the subtle atmospheric bourn,
Beating each feeble Breeze to bear him up
Beyond the vast dominion of their Lord,
Where Rarefaction starves the gasping Lungs,
To meet the Sun in his meridian pride:
And pinion-sing'd disport amid the blaze!
As the lone OWL retreating from the glare,
Nestles within the battlement's recess,
Where Horror triumphs in th' impervious gloom:
There couchant pants behind the ivy fence,

(Whose texture's thicken'd by the reptiles web)
 And winks and dreads th' intolerance of day.
 Oh Meditation cease—cold nymph avaunt:
 Suggest no more to burst my lab'ring brain:
 Lest Frenzy tread upon the heel of Thought!
 Go wander to the Academic grove
 And give the moral to Athenian lugs.

What inappropriate note is that I hear?
 The voice of Gladness mocks a peoples pain!
 Thrice blest Inanity—Folly all hail!
 That thus, upon the threshold of the damn'd,
 Can make a jig the overture to Death!
 Tell the YOUNG SQUIRE, proud-perch'd upon the rails
 Of yonder straw-yard, to be less superb:
 He crows in *alt* his *cock-a-doodle-doo*.
 Blythe as the heir-apparent to that sheaf,
 Which erst was bruis'd to make a Monarch's cate;

With less *(fart)* does the great Mogul,
 Inform the distant climes he's at his brother's
 Oh shun, my Boy, the beacon of Excess,
 Nor overstep, in aught, the golden mean,
 As where that bloated Sorceress presides,
 High Magnanimity will never dwell,
 Perception wounds her with an icy smile,
 That cuts ineffably from stem to stem:
 The fang of Ridicule's more keen than Scorn,
 Thou callow Babler know, this gusty day,
 Destruction arm'd with pebbles rough and round
 And eke with varied bludgeons short and long,
 Will range at large to flagellate our kind!
 I saw the caitiff in a troublous dream,
 (Dreams are interpreters 'tween God and us)
 And trembled when he met my mental eye,
 Like fraudulent Hucksters when their weights are tried!

Or HARRIET VERNON when she sees a man
 Or Spaniels when they're screwing out a jakes
 Or aspin leaves when rude Tornados rage!
 Or MILLER pumping up his maiden speech!
 Or common-council men before the King.
 Or MAWBEY when he reads the Hebrew laws!
 Or CARDIGAN upon his marriage morn!
 Or — but comparisons are odious deem'd,
 The well bred such vulgarities forego.

PARENTAL DIDACTICS.

THE crooked Phrygian an apt tale has told,
 (And I'm notoriously attach'd to tales),
 How a decrepid, hairless-pated Dad
 Call'd his high-mettled younglings 'bout his bed;

Delineated all the arts of Life

And made them *scappir vires* ere he died.

Thus did the Sire, and even thus will I:

Come ye Ingrates, ye feeble, fluttering tribe,

Knit in a feather'd conclave and receive

At once my *valediction* and my *wit*.

To live with comfort, ye must live with care,

Humanity's adulterate, false and foul;

In all the conflicts of vicissitude

Lose not your equanimity of mind:

(Who argues vehement resigns his shield)

Nor pain nor passion can impel the wise

To wound that honor which they owe—THEMSELVES!

When the horizon in the west is dimm'd,

When Phæton's beamy father silent sinks

And gradual draws his crimson mantle down,

Leaving the mountains robeless and forlorn:

When Cynthia steals on Contemplation's eye,
Tipping with silver the perturbed wave;
When the blue Hemisphere is studded o'er
With planetary gems and sparkling stars,
And Flora bids her motley drooping race
Expand their foliage and receive the dew:
And ye, obedient to the curfew's knell
Retire, in groups, to renovate and roost;
Be retrospective on the Hours consum'd,
And let a sense of mercy make ye meek:
Humility's the origin of Peace;
Peace to the thought's like Onus to the plant,
Diffusing vigor, beauty, grace, and worth:
When the worn understanding lacks *her* aid,
How less than nothing is the local badge,
The azure ribbon or the rubric sash,
Or that fam'd magic girdle Britain's chiefs

Solicit to indent the firm-wrought knee;
 Where Peace is not, such gaw-gaws are but vain;
 Was the unmeasur'd ring of Knowledge mine,
 Could I indite like Locke, or think like Kames;
 I'd pour a flood of Science in your ears,
 Should make you reverenc'd by each sapient knave,
 That arrogates prescriptive privilege
 The Sorbonne, or La Crucea, or Arcades,
 The Parses, Scheids, Verbiests and Copts,
 Pandects and Bramins, Molhas and Cantabs,
 Casy and Sedre, Maronite and Monk,
 Peripatetic, Arian and Soph,
 Stoici and far fam'd Dilettanti,
 And that high royal corps snug and sublime,
 Who muz majestic in the court yeled *Crane*,
 But a-propos—of them I've heard a tale;
 Hear it, and judge how Wisdom may be foild.

BEANS AND BACON,

the Illustration.

When JOE SONO was in the mussy chair,
 All-gorgeous cur'd, and his'd above his peer,
 He ask'd a question, made his brethren stare,
 Pulling his side curls down to hide—his ear:
 "As we've complete arrang'd both grubs and greens,
 Pray in what *genus* do ye class your beans?
 "How class our beans! cried FURIOUS, let me see;
 "How class our beans! roar'd HORACE, (*un d'bis*)
 "How class our beans!" went individual round;
 And all seem'd lost in reveries profound!

Silence assum'd the absolute command,

Each head lean'd pond'rous on its kindred hand;

No band of nincumpoops were e'er so pos'd;

And some o'er-wrang by study, dreamt and doz'd;

Chagrin'd, discomfited, perplex'd and pang'd
 Each sober judgment by its fancy bang'd
 Some look'd towards the ceiling some—the floor,
 The wisest doubted, and the wicked swore!
 D. D. 's, Lords, M. D. 's seem'd in deep distress,
 And Ignorance hoodwink'd every F. R. S.
 'Till an *old woman* (who at their desire
 Was wont to empt the pot and stir the fire)
 Ended the matter, as Bystanders ought,
 And sav'd their brains from being pierc'd by Thought.
 "Your Honor sure (quo' she) can't be mistaken,
 "I always *class* my *beans* with *bacon*!"

Walk nine times round a wight, with cat-like leer,
 Maugre his semblance, drapery or phrase;
 Ere you admit the animal your Co:

Much good or ill celebrity or shame
 Hangs on the close associate of your youth:
 Tho' genius is not subject to the will,
 Our spongy faculties imbibe a grace,
 And catch those properties we oft behold
 Taste, we attach from Observation's nod,
 And Truth is made subservient to Esteem:
 Great P. P. Rubens pencill'd angels square,
 Because his rancid Helena was huge!
 Holbein design'd them lumpish, short and square,
 Because his bungy, Belgic drab was squat!
 Rembrandt drew Venus with a phiz imbrown'd,
 Because his shrew would seldom lave her cheek!
 And JOSHUA REYNOLDS pourtray'd every dame
 With charming symmetry, (no matter who)
 As SARAH BUNBURY 'd improv'd his sense,
 When Death shall pinch the vitals of your Sire,

I charge ye, by the love ye bear our house, to shun
 All to eschew the metaphysic squad;
 Let Patience arm ye 'gainst the ills of Life,
 Merit, my children, cannot claim a boon;
 Successive Dunces wear the governing robe,
 Whose brains are so hemm'd with dregs and lead,
 They'd scarce be buoyant on the Armenian lake;
 Talents, most eminent, all shivering lie,
 Smote by the Elements, unchok'd, unfell;
 Such things there are, and yet the Gods look on;
 When a Gymnosophist shall pass your gate,
 Crow 'till you burst the knitting of your lungs;
 Court them, as Persians supplicate the Sun;
 They to Beneficence are doubly dear;
 Be not embrazen'd by a luckless hint,
 To think yourself superior to controul;
 Beware the overweenings of self-love,

Nor under-rate an unencounter'd foe,
Lest in the sequel you should catch a Tartar.

ORIGIN OF CATCHING A TARTAR.

An Illustration.

SOME centuries ago, the Austrian troops
Were often hack'd and harass'd
By warlike Tartars, who with yells and whoops
Their enemies embarrass'd;
At length the Emperor promis'd in a charter,
To be the donor
Both of wealth and honor,
To any hero who could catch a Tartar.
Two comely lads from blythe IERNE's shore,
Who'd often bath'd their limbs in *Loch Killarney*,

Amid the German troops their knapsacks bore,
Props of their race were BRÖDERICK and BLARNEY.

These volunteers had stray'd,

In search of plunder,

Thro' a Slavonian wood;

But Fortune meant the Munster-men no good,

For BLARNEY heard his terrible comrade,

Roaring like thunder;

"Och BLARNEY, BLARNEY! by sweet Ireland's martyr,

"May I be keel-hawl'd but I've catch'd a Tartar!"

"Bring him along!" bawl'd BLARNEY, big with pride,

"Here's Ireland's boys against the globe, who'll bet me?"

But BRÖDERICK in a lower note replied—

"By the Holy Father *he won't let me.*"

From the high topmast of this nether world
Look for Ingratitude, with keener eye
Then seamen for Charybdis in a gale,
And when she's evident, ah! shun her more
Than BRUCE a map, or Scythian hordes a pest:
When Gluttony within this hamlet dwelt,
And Devastation cater'd for the beast:
Dame WADDLE by the Matricide expir'd!
Touch'd by maternal care and old regards,
Your Mama scrap'd the brats into our nest,
(A cosey asylum for orphan eggs);
But mark and marvel at the sad event:—
When her broad, vivifying, downy rump
Had called the dormant *Ducklings* into life,
They broke from their testaceous slimy cells,
Plung'd in yon clammy, green, incrust'd pool,
All infamously laving in disport,

Plashing uninjur'd like a puddled Pontefract mill-race
 Unnoting their Emancipator's shriek :
 Who quivering stood upon the osier'd brink
 Swelling the waters with a Matron's tear :
 But Virtue, striplings, is it's own reward :
 Fate (who can feel for Loveliness oppress'd)
 Saw, as he pick'd his teeth, the Lady's wrong,
 And growing choleric as KATE the Russ,
 Quickly aveng'd your clay-cold Mother's cause :
 He delegated from the unblanch'd lodge
 The spirit of a brave ferocious Gaul ;
 Shap'd like D'AUBIGNY's *aid de camp* or cook,
 Hued like mahogany, with heart of flint,
 Cane, bag-wig, snuff-box, spectacles and cap,
 And *couteau* somewhat smaller than a scythe :
 In less than seven moons the courier came,
 From the Galaxy in a chaise and four ;

By the same route that his us'd of old;
 Then drew his kitchen scimitar or knife,
 And rapidly abridg'd their proud career,
 Cut their hoop'd throats, and hush'd th' emphatic *Quash*;
 Dragg'd out their bowels—stuff'd 'em full of rage—
 Scorch'd their white bones until the marrow fried—
 Untruss'd their limbs, and bid the hunger'd eat:
 Thus perish the Atrocious thro' the land,
 Th' ungrateful are offensive to the Gods.
 If you'd be beautiful, be innocent;
 The roses never blow on Guilt's dank cheek!
 Avoid potations deep of Harley juice,
 Which whirl the Senses in a maddening round,
 And poniard Apprehension's Lynx-like troop:
 Such swinish appetites shew our state,
 Dolts from maturing Autumn's vintage-rend
 The purple clusters with a savage zeal.

Suck th' enervating beverage till they faint,
 And Reason quits the passes of the mind!
 When men are thus entangled by Excess,
 Demons innumerable, victorious howl,
 Circe's triumphant, and Silenus laughs.

SYMPTOMS OF BEING TIPSY,

An Illustration.

WHEN Ideots rove on Danger's slippery brink,
 Who never survey, cogitate or think:
 They break their shins, then wonder tho' they sought it,
 And ope their mouths and mumble—Who'd have thought it?

Besotted BENJAMIN, one wint'ry night,

Came to an Inn

Where Carpenters had been;

Making the crazy chairs and tables tight;

Those artists left a three-inch nail behind,

And luckless BEN sat pat on it,

Too drunk to note the pain, with vacant mind,

He rose in haste to compass his desire,

And stood Colossus-like, before the fire,

When an arch fellow tittering hung his hat on it.

When ye are snar'd mid pertinacious Puts,

Pantouffled recusants that spit at youth;

Petulant Seniors, who complacent teize,

Chuckle and shake to grace a witless jest;

Then beg you'll pardon when they can't offend:

Who only rapt'rous dwell on what they've seen,

Denying Excellence that is, to be,

Pity their prodigality of taunt,

Let the small tembers of their pride consume

Unwetted by the isle of Disdain;

Garrulity's the privilege of Age.

Believe, my Critics, one third of what you hear,

And think, e'en then, 'tis possible you err;

'Tis said the liberal note that man as mean,

Who lets Suspicion her foul judgment make

Within the chambers of his narrow breast,

There, with a scowling and half-open'd eye,

To sneer at Amity, and mar Esteem.

Yet he who in the zenith of his heat

Measures his inmates with a self-made scale,

To take the altitude of human aims,

Will find his rapid mensuration nought:

Aghast, unnerv'd, confounded and reduc'd,

Closing those avenues where Fraud approach'd,

He'll acrimonious scan all promis'd joys.

Take in those snails his Confidence unfurl'd, and soon

Pine with the lazy poison of Chagrin, as of an aches

And wax (too swiftly) prematurely old, as of an aches

The gust of violence I reprobate, as of an aches

As there is no Propensity so fierce as of an aches

(Ee'n tho' it flounder'd like the Theban snake, as of an aches

Or champ'd and foam'd like Pluto's triple Swiss) as of an aches

But what a mental leviathan may ally, as of an aches

Or mild Urbanity's silk rein coerce; as of an aches

No wight (with mental sanity) e'er rav'd as of an aches

Before the man he fear'd, or nymph he woo'd, as of an aches

When, ('neath the abdomen of some black cloud, as of an aches

That bellying hangs with indigested mists; as of an aches

Or in the azure, pellucid expanse) as of an aches

By Fear directed you elpy a Hawk, as of an aches

Cow'ring to reconnoitre and consume; as of an aches

Gather the dæ-monicks in a huddled heap, as of an aches

And hide the trembling phalanx with your wing:
 Hawks are to us what Lawyers are to men,
 Calamitous attachments to our kind;
 Too high to combat, and too fell to scorn:
 Proud of advantages which Heaven allows,
 Immunities peculiar to destroy,
 They whet their crook'd carniv'rous beaks at will,
 Then tear the groveling captive they've ensang'd:
 To laceration antecedent, they
 Curvet and gambol in th' ethereal space,
 'Till Enmity or Whim shall give the clue:
 Then with velocity they cut the air,
 Pounce on the flutterers—ingulph the brood,
 And reel inebriate with infant blood.
 Deal out contumely with dread and awe,
 Nor make that ulcerous that's scarce unskinn'd:
 Go stand between the object and the storm,

But blush to castigate a broken reed :

We've all our peccadilloes and our worth,

Obloquial arrows seldom whiz around,

But from *that quiver* Error hangs—behind!

THE CATASTROPHE,

An Illustration.

'Tis a grand trait in Policy's belief,

That you should set a thief to catch a thief.

SUSAN and DICK, a rusticated pair,

Who'd long conceiv'd a mutual sneaking kindness,

Resolv'd th' unhallow'd rites of Love to share,

But the coy Nymph, for reasons easy guest :

(Perhaps by Decency or Fear imprest)

Wish'd to eclipse her mother's eyes by blindness.

To perpetrate that point this eager twain
 Into an oven's smoky womb retreated
 But ere their exalties were in the wane,
 The sly projected business was defeated
 Peery Discretion left them in the nick,
 And Cunning play'd them a confounded trick:
 SUE's raptures made her perturbation light,
 Her senses whirling with supreme delight;
 Her virgin blood within her arteries boil'd,
 And all the guardians of her fame were foil'd:
 The Dame miss'd SUE -- the Dame had her suspicions,
 For she had been a traitress in her prime:
 Tho' now her colt's tooth was decay'd by Time,
 And Cupid visits but on fix'd conditions:
 She sought her SUSAN in the cell and garret,
 Out-house and pantry, but she sought in vain:
 'Mid the sweet clover and the yellow sheaves,

The woodbine alcove and the browsing bees,
At length the oven rush'd into her brain;
And there lay SUE, high-flush'd with shame, like claret!
Oh! you confounded, filthy, horrid jade,
Why faith, you're driving on a pretty trade!
Exclaim'd the Matron in a raging fury,
Ungrac'd by Pity, like a Faction's jury.
Oh Mother, Mother! quoth the trembling SUE,
Pardon this weakness—your good-will restore me,
Your feet had ne'er been led here by a clue,
Had you not play'd vagaries here before me;
This charge set all her Prejudices reeling,
And op'd the flood-gates of her fellow-feeling:
What can be said? the force of Nature's great,
Venus and SUE were both the sport of Fate:
The fair of Ephesus—the Spartans pride,
The Grace of Carthage and Uriah's bride:

Then let cold Apathy's vile tongue be still,
It ever has been thus, and ever will.

As glitt'ring Vanity could never be
A resident within *my* ample breast,
Let not her ministry insult me dead;
The world's acclaim is caught by wily men,
The world's acclaim's of no import to me!
When all the Functions leave this tender frame,
(As genial swallows fly th' inclement Pole)
And the heart's gushing, crimson channel's froze,
Should obsequies be wrought or *eloge* mouth'd,
Or Parian or Carara's entrails hewn,
To pile sepulchral quarries on my dust;
Or monumental rhapsody inscrib'd,

In posing, mutilated, classic lore,
 Telling th' observant all that I was — *not!*
 May my hot curse discomfit ye more dre,
 Than elemental wrath the murderer's bark!
 Be Industry your solace and your guide,
 Ye cannot, like the Prophet in the wild,
 Be Raven-fed with cutlets ready drest,
 Guarding no coffers I'm but demi-curst,
 Sleep's door is bruise'd not by the thumps of Thought;
 Ye do not wish me brain'd for what I have,
 As having nought Avidity's my friend;
 I never brought a ducat to my palm,
 By ways the Monitor within disdain'd!
 His Grace I know not — I can't soothe a knave;
 Courts I abominate — I cannot LIE!
 The vile and meretricious Plutus lauds,
 Greatness — Goodness, never, never, never!

They're cast, like Remus, naked to the winds,
 All their restricted dower is — Heav'n and Peace.
 Whene'er ye meet a GANDER by the mere,
 Let the swol'n Coxcomb strut and be himself;
 This is a Theatre they call their own,
 And who'd deny their privilege to hiss?
 The irritated Grub that tilts at GERSE,
 Awakens Pleasantry amid the Gods,
 Who'd cease to banquet, listen, look and smile?
 Prithee, my children, let the Losels swell,
 Engender, carol, incubate and bathe,
 Sibillant, silly, suscitating Snubs;
 Th' apparent Base are fashion'd for an end,
 Beauty's establish'd by opposing tints;
 E'en thus the worthless make the worthy priz'd.
 I trust ere Phœbus, many, many times,
 Shall circumscribe and gild this pendant mass,

All prejudice irrational and rude,
 Will, like the fen-born Vapor, pass away,
 And leave Perception, Truth without a vest:
 Ye, who are callow, may exist, and see,
 Benignant Equity resume her throne,
 When Sophistry shall close her subtle eye;
 Shapeless Irregularity uncrook'd,
 And all our policy be—*doing well* *!
 My gallant boys—my excellent young Knights,
 Heroic Chevaliers to Beauty sworn:
 I importune ye with the rage of Love,
 To hold these puny Wenches to your hearts,
 And give them welcome in the inmost core:
 Fraternal feeling should precede this wish:

* The very existence of Liberty in this country is dependent on the Presbyterian Interest, as Episcopacy would ride post to enchain her God, if she thought the bondage would be acceptable to HIM who can bestow *Grace*, but who sees not!

The boast of Hardihood's to shield the Fair !
Keep them from knowing Turpitude had birth :
Guard them immaculate as Cygnet's down ;
Pledges of Joy, and archetypes of Truth :
By antic Curiosity enforc'd,
They'll wander over Luxury's parterre !
(A Demon who inhabits but extremes)
Amble 'mong serpents in th' embroider'd mead,
And pluck inopportune the thorny rose :
Tripping obedient to the Flatterer's beck ;
Licentious frisk it to the fraudulent brink,
Slip from the precipice, and — charm no more !
When Woman falls 'tis from an awful height,
(On which Opinion elevates their worth)
Deep stung by Terror as they see th' Abys,
Each toils, repentant, to regain the cliff,
But that sublime attainment cannot be ;

Their pinions of salvation are half fledg'd,
Unequal to the vigorous wings of men!
Hope sorrowing yields the victim to her fate,
Who weeps—looks up, and sinking, fades in night.
Sooner may ye re-whiten the chaste snow,
Smear'd by the brawny Cyclop's sooty limb,
Than wipe the odium from a nymph beguil'd!
We worship them, as Chinese do their Jos,
A porclain Deity, most sumptuous clad,
Which Demolition shivers at a blow.
Our daughters are palladiums to our state,
The brittle honors of the nuptial bed:
They, like the Africk apple, bring their cares,
Their brightness lures their — value is their ill.
When that red Orb shall expedite a beam,
Fevering the Zephyrs of a summer's day:
And you behold a feeble, fainting Ant,

Lab'ring to top the summit of a mound;
 (The subterraneous spurnings of a Mole)
 Painfully laden with an oaten ear,
 Or seed of wheat, or atom of a crust!
 Seeking his granary, most aptly scoop'd
 Beneath the root of some salubrious herb,
 Where he deposits his unblighted corn,
 To feed and solace when stern Winter foams
 And shuts the fissures of the teeming earth:
 Impede not the assiduous, panting elf,
 Crush not his fibres, or arrest his freight:
 But bid the unbreech'd Poults and Pullets gaze,
 Reflect, reform, and wonder and be wise:
 Tho' man eats man, and Might o'er Merit strides,
 Let us not copy institutes so vile.
 Example clears the optics of the soul,
 In this the fear of famine stands confest!

What wild atchievements will not Famine do!
 Vault over space, and pillage Tempè's plains,
 Burrow beneath Potosi's antient mine,
 Traverse the yawning deep when Ruin howls,
 Climb Mona's side and seize the Eagle's young,
 Pierce to the center cas'd with ribs of rock,
 Shiver the adamantine heart of Pride,
 And tear the horn from Plenty's lusty limb!
 Pert Predilection leads the mob astray,
 Authoritative Oafs combine to teize
 Unhappy Oafings—undiploma'd Curs,
 Thus are the archives stain'd in Warwick-Lane!

Poor GRAHAM's revil'd by licentiate herds,
 'Cause he buries us *half* in the earth:
 But sure they mean this a mere play upon words,
 Or Reason would burst with her mirth:

Shall this Priest of the Passions be spoil'd of his fees,
 Or annoy'd with their Fame-murdering stones?
 While 'tis *regular practice*, the COLLEGE decrees,
 To bury us—BODY and BONES.

Now open every chink, or great or small,
 That to the bright sensorium claims a kin:
 And with the greediness of ductile Faith,
 Take this *commandment* oral and supreme:
 In courts or camps, or maladis'd or sound,
 Dormant or vigilant, morn, noon, and night:
 By fen, by fire, by streamlet or by Loch:
 On the brown mountain or the shaven heath:
 By brake or bourn, be-labyrinth'd, be-cav'd:
 Stretch'd 'neath the sun-beam or the beechen bough:
 Luskish or fleet, lugubrious or glad:
 'Mid Stygian rushes or cold Cydnus flags:

In Jove's own glitter or Tartarean fog;
My pretty **POULTS** avoid—the **MAN** of **LAW**.

THE THIEF AND THE LAWYER.

An Illustration,

NEAR that fam'd spot, where many a wight
Has left the realms of chearful light,
Where Heroes have been taught to dance,
Gratis, not *a-la-mode de France*,
A Miscreant lay, in doleful dumps,
His head benumb'd with legal thumps:
The gentle **DICK**, a comely youth,
As e'er deform'd the face of Truth:
Born in Saint Giles's blest domain,
Where Venus and the Graces reign:

His accents were with music hung,
High polish'd by the vulgar tongue.
In the next street, 'twas so decreed,
A Hero liv'd of spurious breed;
His Sire black'd boots beneath the cloisters,
His Mama vend'd Melton oysters.
SAM was his name, of low degree,
But just as fine a youth as he.
They knew the antichambers well
Of every dreary parish cell,
From round-house rais'd against the walls
Of Sleep's fell murd'rer, western Paul's,
Whose caverns hold blasphemous fillings,
To fatten magistrates with shillings!
To Andrew's cage, where blockheads act
As arbiters of law and fact,

And mangle Sense in Truth's despite,

The snoring umpires of the night:

Send nymphs to soften hemp 'till Easter,

Unless, by chance, they found—a tester:

And bullying Reason scorn'd to court her,

Unless the captive call'd—for porter!

These LADS, the glory of the age,

Were in the Garden all the rage:

And doz'd unconscious of a snare,

Or at the *Finish* or the *Bear*:

Alike their scruples and their wishes,

Alike they fed on public dishes:

Turn'd all accounts to private ends,

And borrow'd watches of their friends:

Piddled in burglaries for gain,

And plunder'd many a hapless swain:

They would have forg'd—but, cruel spite,
Their Stars denied the skill to write,
Or if they could, their lofty pride
So chain'd them both, they'd never tried
This twain, unknown to envious jars,
Reflected light, like rival stars,—
And shone in deeds of theft, the bright
Castor and Pollux of the night:
Their mutual love each other plighted,
And swore to live or die united:
But once, alas! they form'd a scheme,
('Twas Dick imbib'd it in a dream)
To make their fortunes at a stroke,
And rob the mail—a pleasant joke:
The point was fix'd, the when and where,
And all things settled to a hair:

The manner of the malefaction,
And Bagshot Heath the place of action;
They watch'd the hour, the mail was ta'en,
The bags were rifled, Driver slain:
Then who but they could sport the cash,
Or damn with grace, or cut a dash?
Both must have harlots to adore 'em,
(Great Philip's son did so before 'em)
To Playhouse went, at—demi-price,
Both *crops*, and exquisitely nice:
Each had a whanghee 'neath his *fn*,
And breech'd from ankle to the chif:
And kept his pad, and drove his gig,
And up to ev'ry flashy rig:
They drank and danc'd, and rav'd and sung,
But never dreamt of being hung:

'Till Fate, in an ill-natur'd mood, ~~slay~~ ^{sent} to ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~found~~ ^{found} on T
 O'erthrew the basis of their good : ~~it~~ ^{he} ~~dis~~ ^{dis} ~~cover'd~~ ^{cover'd} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~own~~ ^{own}
 'Twas whisper'd that a proclamation ~~had~~ ^{was} ~~been~~ ^{made} ~~by~~ ^{by} ~~him~~ ^{him}
 Was circulated round the nation, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~ears~~ ^{ears}
 For all mankind to apprehend : ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~ears~~ ^{ears}
 Notorious DICK, and eke his friend : ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~ears~~ ^{ears}
 The tale was true, tho' somewhat odd, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~ears~~ ^{ears}
 And all were sign'd ANTHONY TODD. ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~ears~~ ^{ears}
 Alas! how frail are human ties, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~ears~~ ^{ears}
 Oppos'd to men's necessities : ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~ears~~ ^{ears}
 SAM sculk'd a week besides a day, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~ears~~ ^{ears}
 And dare not venture on the lay : ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~ears~~ ^{ears}
 At length with Misery at strife, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~ears~~ ^{ears}
 And fond of grasping brittle life : ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~ears~~ ^{ears}
 Resolv'd ('twas a confounded trick) ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~ears~~ ^{ears}
 To 'peach his comrade, honest DICK : ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~eyes~~ ^{eyes} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~ears~~ ^{ears}

'Twas horrid thus to serve a friend,
 But so it was, and there's an end:
 Dick was arrested, bound, and tried,
 He told his tale, and sobb'd and sigh'd;
 But nought, alas! could soften then
 The flinty hearts of ruthless men:
 A silly jury, (foul disgrace!)
 As Dick averr'd mistook his case:
 They gave the judgment in a breath,
 And found the culprit—Guilty, Death,
 His warrant sign'd, the die was cast,
 The hour affix'd to kick his last:
 The Smith too, surly as a brute,
 Measur'd him for an iron suit;
 Full oft he murmur'd at his fate,
 And growl'd, and swore; and scratch'd his pate:

Then strove to ease his soul by pray'r,
 And wept and wail'd, and tore his hair :
 And utter'd apophthegms so fit,
 (Replete with irony and wit)
 Tho' frighted children of his terrors,
 They prov'd his sense of human errors :
 So apt in spirit and in letter,
 Dumb, in the bilboes, ne'er did better ;
 Thus he inform'd the whistling wind,
 And cast a burthen from his mind—
 ' That gaping idiot who believes
 ' Honor existing among Thieves ;
 ' Might look industriously as soon
 ' For fleets and armies in the moon :
 ' Benevolence in a Church-warden,
 ' Or Chastity in Covent-Garden :

' Love 'twixt modern wives and spouses,
 ' Or Charity in heads of Houses :
 ' Beauty in nymphs who never know it,
 ' Or modest scruples in a poet :
 ' For Legislators full of knowledge,
 ' Or decency from boys at college :
 ' The laws observ'd by Bawds and Brewers,
 ' Or truth and candor in Reviewers :
 ' Young Spinsters who would ne'er approach men,
 ' Or civil tongues in Hackney Coachmen :
 ' A Barrister who'd scoff a fee,
 ' Or hate of Liberty in me.
 Revenge now rul'd without controul
 The motions of his heaving soul :
 To hamper SAM was all his plan,
 But what the means, and where the man ?

DICK was content to swing with glee,
 If SAM was hung as well as he,
 Amid the shoals that hover round
 That awful, dire, enchanted ground,
 (Yclep'd the broad way of Perdition,
 By some the grave of young Ambition)
 Like Sharks in seas or rapid rivers,
 Who hunger after human livers,
 Came dashing FLAW, a glorious name,
 The prop of fraud, and food of Fame;
 A scion he, of legal Sin,
 Who drew his breath in *Lyons Inn*;
 For knowledge of the Law's *black letter*,
 Rufus' old hall ne'er knew a better;
 To seek out crannies, dark and bye ways,
 He fled the unpolluted highways,

And wallow'd to his chin in dirt;
To strip poor Honor of his shirt:
Pillage the widow of her pittance,
And send the Devil a remittance:
To crush the orphans of the nation,
By spun delays, and fell starvation,
Whom pillories could ne'er make faultier,
Nor stripes, nor Shame, nor hempen halter:
He made the wretched feel his fury,
And knew no terrors but—a jury:
His morals fled before a bribe,
Like many of the sable tribe:
Rang'd thro' the harvest of the laws,
And glean'd contaminated straw:
To tickle Truth in her despite,
And goad the nymph by—rule of right:

Firm to his principles and trust,
 To rascals he was ever just :
 And mov'd, unmindful of the laws,
 Both heav'n and hell, to — gain a cause :
 If e'er he wander'd from his plan,
 'Twas when he met — an honest man :
 Then would his prejudice subdue,
 The wish to bring his client thro' :
 But having previous touch'd the fees,
 Left him to adverse base decrees,
 A prey to his antipathies.
 To FLAW were DICK's distresses known,
 And FLAW, to acts of kindness prone,
 Soon made the woes of DICK his own :
 With kind concern he gave advice,
 And DICK's resentment hit so nice,

That RICHARD swore so true a friend, since last we met

Was sent to soothe his latter end: or how the Dog to

He had but twenty pounds remaining, nor more to sell

The humble relicks of his gaining, nor more to sell

Chiefly for handkerchiefs he'd ta'en, nor more to sell

And sold immediate in Field-Lane, nor more to sell

But that should be most freely spent, nor more to sell

If FLAW would compass his intent, nor more to sell

'What, twenty pounds!' th' Attorney cries, nor more to sell

With Gladness sparkling in his eyes: nor more to sell

'Give me but that, and quit your care, nor more to sell

'I'll trounce the villain, never fear; nor more to sell

'To-morrow night the hero yields, nor more to sell

'And SAM shall sleep in Tothill Fields; nor more to sell

'A faithless cur! to cheat his friend, nor more to sell

'The dog shall die, you know his end: nor more to sell

' I'll spread some fascinating charm,
 ' To drag the Dolt to social harm :
 ' Not that such measures I'd pursue,
 ' But just to serve a friend like you :
 ' Thank'ee, good FLAW,' said rueful Dick,
 ' You know my mind, embrace the nick :
 ' You'll see him safe in limbo pent,
 ' Do that, my Friend, I'll die content :
 FLAW wish'd if e'er he fall'd in duty,
 His wife might cease to be a beauty :
 The nation regulate the laws,
 And Equity regain her cause * .

* When Futurity looks with an aching eye over the vicissitudes of the present day, and scans the deeds of the *disinterested* admirers of our BLESSED CONSTITUTION (though I confess I never yet met any such admirers, who had not a place under Government, or connected with those who had) how will Reason recoil at the supposition that a laborious MALIGNANT

A SATIRIC TRAPDOY.

The Demon all his schemes controul,
And bring a *babeas* for his soul;
Dick read the surface of his heart,
And wily FLAW pursu'd his part;
The tender man, with streaming eye,
Lamented such a youth *must* die;
They mingled tears of mutual love,
And hop'd they both should meet—above!
Thrice he essay'd to leave his mate,
But Grief o'ertook him at the grate:

should be empowered (according to the divine letter of the law) to exhibit an HONORABLE MAN in the evening of his life, as a monster to Society, and beslaver him with gross contumely for a period of five years, in the very teeth of the three Estates, tho' every stage of the crooked business evinced its abominable dirty origin?—The BURKITES very pleasantly call the *common People* RAGGED RASCALS; and in fact they deserve not more polished epithets, considering them as feeling what they feel, and knowing what they know.

FLAW turn'd to take another view,
 And touch the cash, and bid adieu:
 The hours in horror roll'd away,
 Till Time brought forth the fatal day:
 When at the birth of morn the bell
 (Oh dreadful summons!) toll'd his knell;
 Then Dick was led, with many more,
 To tread the fraudulent, faithless floor.
 Their stations fix'd, their caps were plac'd,
 And ev'ry breast with nosegays grac'd:
 They mov'd the sighs of crouds around,
 With answ'ring sighs the lanes rebound.
 As ragged Guilt belch'd British juices,
 And Pity open'd all her sluices:
 Young Ladies from the roofs of houses,
 Bemoan'd their hapless dying Spouses:

While others kept their sorrows in,
 By philosophic strength—and gin,
 Among the concourse that attended,
 The philanthropic FLAW ascended,
 To see his client RICHARD die,
 And wet his bier with wat'ry eye;
 But ere that circumstance took place,
 The Lawyer stumbled on Disgrace:
 For DICK enrag'd, and out of breath,
 Regardless of his fate or Death,
 Ere the last fatal knot was ty'd,
 Beckon'd the upright FLAW aside:
 With quivering lip and visage grim,
 He thus assail'd the legal limb*:

• The abominations of the LAW of these realms, and
 the unqualified tyranny, rapacity, and insolence of its pro-

' FLAW, you'r a Satan, above ground,
 ' Where is, you dog, the twenty pound
 ' Is this fit treatment for your betters
 ' You promis'd SAM should be in fetters
 ' When, but this instant, long and loud,
 ' I heard him laughing in the croud.
 Thus did the angry DICK decide,
 And thus the gentle FLAW replied:
 ' Oh fie! this language is uncivil,
 ' Why DICK, you're going to the Devil,
 ' 'Tis horrible, a wretch to see,
 ' Just launching in eternity,

fessors must eventually shake our political establishment to the
 centre.—I have ever considered the contradictory, foul, and
 immense heap of BRITISH STATUTES environed by the ar-
 tillery of Horror, as a noisome concretion or fermenting dung-
 hill, on which the warm beam of social Enmity concentrates to
 generate Reptiles hideous to human sense.

-
- ' His moments waste and heat his blood,
' Unmindful of his God, or good.
' Reflect how soon you must be dead,
' Your friend VILLETTE there shakes his head;
' Oh! think how much you've been transgressing,
' And say your pray'rs, and ask his blessing:
' But if you're tempted to repine,
' Lay not your sins at door of mine:
' This ne'er had been, you silly dog,
' Had you observ'd the Decalogue:
' But as repentance comes too late,
' Submit with manhood to your fate:
' Be hung in peace, and quit your care,
' I'll torture SAMUEL, never fear.'

SAM bought his life, but ne'er repented,

And DICK was hang'd, and FLAW — contented.

THE MORAL.

CHERUB-FAC'D Amity was sent,
 The harbinger of sweet Content,
 To operate as Rancor's foe,
 Assuaging all the wounds of Woe:
 Its aspect radiant and divine,
 Its spirit noble and benign:
 But Friendship is not to be bought,
 Nor can it e'er exist in aught.
 When Interest sways the narrow breast,
 Then Friendship sickens to a jest:
 For Worth and Vice, or Peace or Hate,
 Nor can nor will assimilate:
 It matters not whate'er the case is,
 It must have Virtue for its basis.

I've now fulfill'd the high, parental points,
 And plac'd the social compass 'fore your eyes:
 'Tis yours to navigate and mine to die.
 Had Homer sung thus how'd Longinus prais'd,
 Quintilian wrote, and Philology bow'd!
 But who'll regard a Cock's philosophy
 Mortal esteem's seduc'd by see-saw arts,
 And seldom by the merits of the man:
 A modern Phœbus Moderns will despise,
 Poems, like coins, are valued for their rust.
 As the Athleta who contemptuous look'd
 On human prowess at th' Olympian goal,
 I am bent down by Superstition's thumb,
 And dread my doom because that doom's foretold.
 Like *Leyden's* *LUCAS* wasting with conceit.
 Approximate to that renown'd barrier
 Whose mud-deck'd base is whimsically patch'd

With varied notings for the Gazer's eye:
 Of flying waggons and erudite Swine
 Hygeia's offerings, and the Drama's feast
 The stray'd and stolen—Giant and the Dwarf
 Champanze humanis'd, and monkey'd man
 Nor Ionic, Dorick or Corinthian,
 Tuscan or Composite are its gross parts:
 But, like old Lud's queer bairns on whom it frowns,
 Defies all order, and upholds Disgrace.
 And on whose BAKER-mounted, leaden top,
 Rebellion fangless grin'd on Brunswick's pride.
 Tho' now it stands, like states, without a head,
 Remains a dismal DEN, whose complex caves,
 Hold *Beasts of prey* more dire than Daniel knew!
 Who ever and anon like Tygers spring
 From forth their haunts, and arm'd with *band and brief*
 Appall the innocent, and wound the wise:

Who leagu'd (triennially) resistless seize
The aggregated riches of the land!
Before whose mightiness e'en Prelates bow!
Misanthropes supplicate and Orientals shrink!
The *virus* of their rage no lenient heals
Or blessed herb Salubrity has cur'd:
'Tis a rank Scrophula which gnaws the mind,
And goads, like Israel's curse, the wretched race,
As moody Elders, pass their gaping gate,
They tremble, reconnoitre, fear and pray:
Like scar-torn Soldiers near a Foe made mine,
O'er its proud central mouth by Falshood hewn,
The *Agnus Dei* mocks their wary sense,
Who've felt that *TEMPLARS* are not—what they seem.

A GENTEEL RAP ON THE KNUCKLES,

An Epigram.

The LAMB and LAWYERS ill agree;

They're *not* the Sons of Peace:

This symbol fails in all its points,

They are not *flee*'d, but FLEECE.

Before Death's arrow shivers me and mine,

I'll offer votive incense to the man

Who tore Guilt's bandage from the public eye!

Who gleam'd conviction thro' a servile world!

And, like another energetic Paul,

Made Felix tremble on his straw-built throne:

As Despots are electrically knit,

The shock of *Louis* vibrates thro' the race.

TO THOMAS PAINE*.

TO thee, mere champion of insulted man,
 I dedicate this tributary lay:—
 I'll sweep my weak-string'd lyre 'mid Honor's clan,
 I'll add a feeble beam to his illumin'd day:
 Lo! the aristocratic fallen crew
 With livid lips and fronts of horrid hue:
 Mark how like wounded serpents they entwine,
 Each his anathema despondent sings,
 'Mid choral hissing and envenom'd stings;
 To lacerate, sweet Merit, thee and thine:

* The celebrated author of the RIGHTS of MAN.—Rather than this excellent Essay should not have been circulated in society, I would have cheerfully suffered the amputation of my right arm.

They gnash their fangs, they rave, they writhe, they foam,
That VIRTUE is—that FREEDOM has a home.

Breathes there a slave so abject—so forlorn,

Whom great example cannot move

To deeds of note—to rivet social love

No vast emotions elevate his will,

To subjugate the ministry of ill

But, like the toad, polluted and oppress,

Will crawl—will sully genial Nature's breast

The minion of Disease—the intimate of Scorn

GALEA's faint sons like pent-up lions saw

Their faith an impost and their woes a law:

The best mine bestowed weekly in London for the diabolical
purpose of deceiving the public in regard to the effects of the
glorious Revolution in France are incredible. An society in general

Till Heaven, in pity to their madd'ning pains,
 Re-brac'd their nerves and burst their mental chains;
 Regenerate—unadulterate they arose,
 To meliorate their foes:
 Thus man commun'd with man—We will be free,
 And overpeer mortality;
 They lifted their redoubted form,
 Like the Leviathan above the storm.

cannot be acquainted with the secret management of periodical essays
 so well as myself, I think it my duty to inform them, that nineteen
 out of twenty of those horrid accounts which are inserted in the
 public prints under the head of *Authentic Advice from France, Paris,*
&c. are literally fabricated here by prostituted writers, who are
 suborned at an immense price, to make that hideous which cannot
 be overthrown. And as ALL these circumstantial impositions are
 inserted in those News-papers only which are devoted to the pur-
 poses of the young Saint of Downing-Street, their appearance ge-
 nerates such suspicions, that the SON of CHATHAM is not CHAT-
 HAM'S SON.—JOHN BULL is become such a lethargic, supine,
 ignominious beast, that even a violent kick on his posteriors can-
 not alarm his mental dignity.

Imbib'd the daring fervor of the hour,
 And ardently, to prove their power,
 Like the fierce eagle's brood, whose buoyant webs are spun,
 Uprais'd their wings and brav'd the REGAL SUN.

As, rob'd in purple, Despotism smil'd,
 To see Humanity so prompt beguil'd;
 Passive Obedience 'fore the monster knelt,

(A hideous Sorceress, who never felt)
 Besotting her repulsive chief,
 With Adulation's lees, sad source of endless grief!
 While Flattery's subtle, baneful opiate wrought,
 The tempest knitted o'er his head;
 The Sybil's fatal volume was unread—
 The bloated reptile was unmote by Thought—
 "Till, swift as cataracts impetuous throw
 Their whitening elemental sheets below,

Indignant legions seiz'd the anointed Droue,

And dash'd him from his massy throne!

In vain he sought salvation in his flight—

In vain he deprecated Terror's night—

They drew their arrows to the head,

And pierc'd him as he flew :

The Gods unmoan'd him as he bled—

Hell yawning gulp'd its due.

Illustrious denizens, ye nobly are,

What man should be—what recreant Britons were!

The light of Reason issuing on the hind,

Travers'd a nation's mind :

Her hallow'd dogma gave them peace and wealth,

Glory and grace and intellectual health :

Flowing majestic as the Theban's song,

Bright as Hyperion's blaze—as Independence strong:

Beneath the olive's sacred, shaded shade,
 Herbes shall delve and Beauty never fade:
 Abundance o'er their hamlets shake her horny gl
 And give the maids ere the wish is born:
 As the warm southern wild east wind's d' Breeze
 So sportively consumes the rosy founts:
 Purloining odour from the blossom'd tree,
 Kissing the honied calices of flowers:
 Shall they embrace the scions of Delight,
 And ravish varying bliss with confidential right:
 Selected Æra, eminently blest,
 An epoch Time will value 'bove the rest:
 When dread Eternity shall bound his reign,
 'Twill make him blithe, he has not been in vain:
 Esurient Ruin shall be taught to spare
 Those altars congregated Virtues rear:

And Genii flit ineffably around,
To shield from taint the consecrated ground :
Hence shall th' imperial, sceptred Ruler know
A people's agony wakes kingly woe :
Nor jasper, porphyry or granite seat,
Can make th' incumbent dignified or great.
Erratic Prejudice has bruised her wing—
Tyranny's snows resolve 'fore Wisdom's spring—
The fastuous Monk shall on the legend tread—
The meek meet Clemency, and Famine bread.
Now re-born FRANCE the high resplendent fane
Of generous, radiant Liberty has built ;
May her pure vow unmeasur'd good obtain ;
Inspirit crouching Relatives with fire—
Infuse the seedlings of august desire—
Fascinate hoary EUROPE from her guilt !

Ah, must I die, like Varlets hang in health,
And kick the bucket, squeak, and tip all nine
Perhaps the Caitiffs think, like Schism's sons,
To benefit our cause by persecution:
For some who smite Religion give her health,
As rough BUZAGLO beats the gouty firm!
Or under the pretence of being kind,
Imagine us, like turnips on the glebe,
Who'll thrive the better being trodden down:
I'll purchase Sherlock, Drelincourt and Dodd,
Thomas Aquinas and old Jerome's vols,
Then gather resignation from the page:
Agreeably to the tenets of my creed,
This is probation for the realms of Joy!
But is it not an enigmatic law,
The faithful must be damn'd before they die,
And like th' asbestos furnac'd to be white?

That Jove will only flog the boys he *loves*,

And let the buttocks of the bad alone

But I'm an Optimist, and all is right.

Behold my Father there, a tough old blade,

He kept his Thais and he fought his man,

See, with a tear-gall'd eye, the thing he is,

Thus cank'ring Time *will* steal us from ourselves!

Alas, the summer of his being's sped;

Lo, like a pithless, bald, dismantled Oak,

Whose last leaf's shatter'd by th' Autumnal gust,

He tott'ring bends to bruise the vernal sod,

Shorn to the stump, and fitting to be riv'd,

Whene'er the Thunderer wings the final blaze.

Abhorrent Death, thou Prince of *gourmands* hence,

Who feeds felicitous on human kind:

You drink the blood from Beauty's ruby lip,

And loose those sinews which invig'rate youth;

Ah! rattle not your gumless fangs at me,
 Thou King of terrors, and thou child of Sin:
 Th' Anthropophagi, who bleak Syria rov'd,
 Those of Brazil, and eke the Thracian steeds:
 Astydamus or Cœlum's cruel son,
 Potitius, Phago or Nisæus,
 Philoxenus, or Gascoigne or Lebeck,
 Arpiages or gross Heliogab,
 The Sewers embouchure at Holborn bridge!
 That steamy hole in WALTER's wooden head!
 The Fowl of Egypt, or the Corm'rant's maw,
 Deputy Leaky, Quin, or Sawney Bean,
 Could not devour one tythe so much as you!
 Fever, Gout, Ague, Palsy and Catarrh,
 Sciatica and Tooth-ach, Piles and Spleen,
 Atrophy, Gravel, Plethora and Gleet,
 Hydrophobia, Phthisis, Gripes and Phlegm,

Paraphimosis, Mulligrubs and Flux,
 Tubercle, Emprostotomas and Dumps;
 Lumbago, Lues, Vertigo and Cramp,
 Scrophula, Dropsy, Spasm, Bile and Lard,
 And all your pestilential Slaves afloat,
 Flit to your Grandmama Pandora's chest,
 And be shut up in everlasting night.
 But can my weak solicitude avail?
 Oh, no—then, ghastly Archer, do your worst,
 I'll bare my breast, and placid meet Decay,
 For he who fears to die's not fit to live.
 Why should I bear the taunts of little men,
 Who could with promptitude be now supprest,
 But that I *feel* it glorious to obey,
 And meet the seeming horror as I ought?
 When the tremendous Source of matter wills,
 To chain the blandishment—to urge the pang,

And shade our frail estate with sable yvoo;
 Be sure in the concussion of events,
 The partial ill precedes a mighty good*,
 As gloomy Night bathes Nature with her dew:
 Supported and supporting we dissolve,
 All would be blest if all knew what they were.

What are to me the uses of this world,
 When nothing's serious in mortality?
 As Piety's the child of Dread, I'll pray,
Pater noster qui es in coelis, heu,
Miserere nobis—but I'll no more,
 Britons have turn'd their backs on beamy Faith:
 They smile at orisons from Priests and me;

MEN HOPE EVENTUAL MERCY, YIELDING NONE.

* While Mr. De LORME and I were writing in an apartment (not too magnificently appointed) at a Huckster's Shop in James-Street, Covent-Garden, were almost every Knave and Idiot in the Capital surrounded with the ensigns of luxurious comfort.

THE END.



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